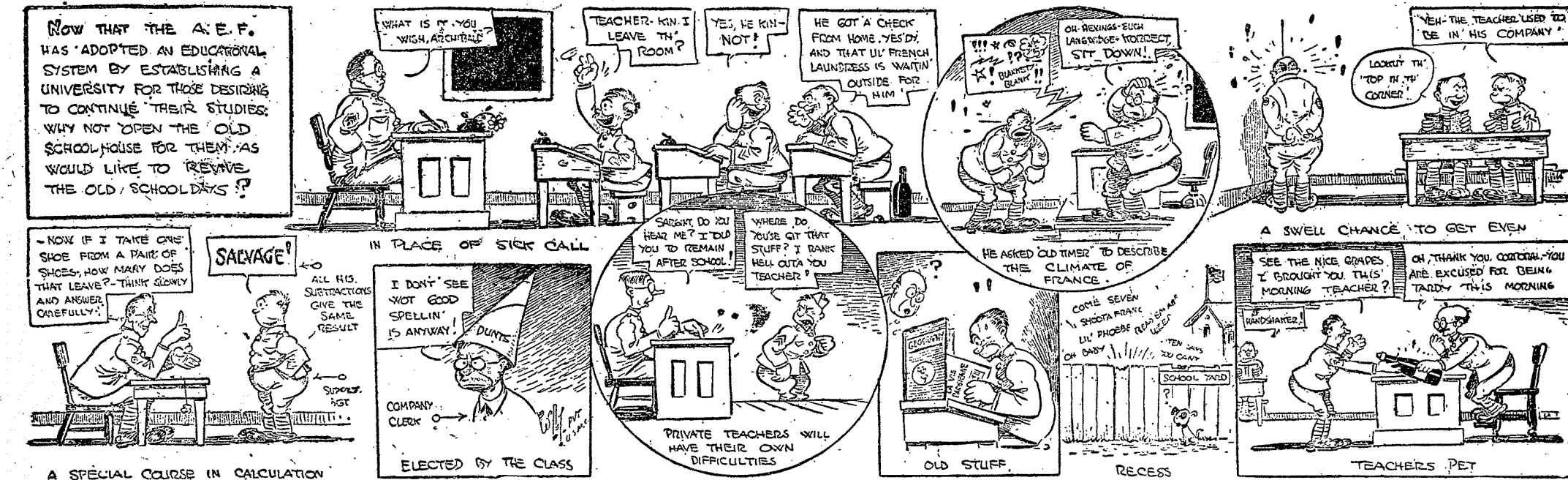


A.E.F. SCHOOL DAYS

-By WALLGREN



BULLET HUNT IS ALL THE RAGE AT COBLENZ

Salvagers Find 80,000,000 Rounds Buried Under Old Fortress

LOOT OF CHATEAU-THIERRY

Secret Passageway Enabled German Officers to Make Big Town After Taps

Steel picks, wielded by stalwart American 20 feet below the parapets of an old German fortress, wrote "line" to another chapter in the history of salvage operations in the Third Army. This time, however, the chapter started at Chateau-Thierry and was supposed to have been concluded at the Golden Horn.

An American officer investigating the various nooks and crannies of a somewhat dilapidated fort on the chain of hills north-west of Coblenz, came upon a concrete hatchway in the ground, placed with careful unobtrusiveness in an angle formed by the ancient walls.

"What's that?" he inquired of the caretaker who was showing him around.

"An old well," came the easy reply.

"That so?" queried the officer indifferently. "Let's look into it."

And somewhat reluctantly tools were brought and the heavy steel hoes torn off the hatchway.

As the officer suspected, there was a windmill inside with a square steel bucket, somewhat similar to that used by miners in the States. With a detail of Yanks he pursued his investigations to the bottom of the shaft which ended, he found, in an arched tunnel about 12 feet high, running parallel to the parapets of the fort. The walls and roof were of concrete, and there were electric lights a-plenty.

Big Haul of Ammunition

And when these were turned on the light revealed hundreds of small arms ammunition boxes, loaded and packed with usual German precision—and re-designed to Turkey. There was more than 100,000 rounds. Investigation developed, mostly British, and most of it came, the Americans were told, from Chateau-Thierry, being captured from the Allies at the time of the March drive when Hindenburg's hordes burst through.

And then, as the concrete forming the ends of the tunnel looked much fresher than the surrounding masonry, picks again were brought into play. They soon broke through into adjoining chambers, one at each end of the tunnel. In one was found a goodly quantity of powder kegs filled with high explosive ammunition; in the other a quantity of high explosive shells. Luger and Mauser ammunition also was found.

Leading off from this lateral tunnel were two others, one striking down and under the railroad tracks running past the fort, where it was filled in (and has not been re-opened), the other going northwest. And thereupon hinges the following story:

Officer Turns Caveman

A Tank Infantry officer with a leaning for adventure decided to walk through this passageway and see where it came out. He did. He walked and he walked and he walked, turning this corner and that, until he didn't know whether he was coming up under Union den Linden in Berlin or the Rue de Rivoli in Paris. Finally he came upon a perpendicular shaft. It was the end of the tunnel.

Feeling about, his fingers clutched iron rungs, and he mounted. At the top a solid hatchway blocked egress but by pounding and shouting he managed to attract someone outside who removed the fastenings. And then—

"Halt!" came in unmistakable American; and the officer found himself confronted by a somewhat shabby-looking sentry whose visible astonishment was only exceeded by his determination not to let this English-speaking caveman out of the hole until the corporal of the guard could be brought. When the little matter of identification was satisfactorily adjusted, the officer asked:

"Where am I?"

He had emerged from the tunnel in the yard of the former German shoe factory at Koblenz-Lutzel, across the Moselle, at least three kilometers from the fort.

Mystery of the Tunnels

Opinion of American officers seems to be divided as to whether these old tunnels were mined by the Germans before they left, but the consensus seems to lead to the conclusion that if there were time charges placed they would have gone up long ago. There are various theories held also as to whether or not other tunnels do not extend under the city of Coblenz itself or under the Rhine or Moselle.

One rather prevalent opinion is that there are two tunnels which strike down below Ehrenbreitstein and under the Rhine into Coblenz itself. An old caretaker in Ehrenbreitstein insists there are such passageways, declaring that he has brought edge Prussian officers have appeared suddenly within the fort after nightfall, officers whom none of the sentries on the walls or at the gates had admitted. That they may have been officers who did not return to the city in the evening he denies, asserting that only non-commissioned officers were left in the fort after the nightfall at night and that rarely did these higher exponents of Kultur sleep on the heights.

But to date the passageways, any there are which lead under the river, have not been discovered, or if they have, the fact has not been revealed.

And so, the search for salvage goes merrily on.

FACTS ABOUT AMERICA

A HANDY MANUAL FOR A.E.F. TOURISTS TO THE UNITED STATES

On arriving in this country you will meet many civilians who speak English fluently. Do not be surprised. The language is commonly taught even in the lower grades.

New York possesses many interesting sights, but you would do well to make the most of the water front. You may be otherwise occupied for some time thereafter.

In boarding trains do not allow habit to force you into box cars. Your motives will almost certainly be misunderstood.

On entering the Ritz dining room, do not demand, "Have you any meat today?" or "Have you eggs today?" Mr. Ritz is unaccountably sensitive on the subject.

You will have no better luck passing off your Napoleon francs in America than in France.

"Promenade" means one thing in English and another in French.

If you are taken ill, you will find civilian physicians who may have the temerity to prescribe something besides iodine and CC pills. Fill the prescription, then throw it away. Innovations are dangerous.

"Même chose" means nothing to an American bartender. Any other order will soon mean nothing to him.

If you wish to know whether a passer-by is an ex-member of the A.E.F., scratch yourself. If he scratches back, shake hands.

Unbutton your coat if you want to. The C.P.'s (civilian police) are lax in prosecuting high crimes.

"No compère" is not considered adequate excuse for declining to vacate a café at closing time.

The habit of picking up stray hats, overcoats or other personal property is discouraged in this peculiar country.

In writing to your girl it will not be necessary to show the letter to your employer before sealing and mailing it.

After dining out, do not stick the knives, forks and spoons in your pocket, nor the dishes under your arm. The family has a female K.P. detailed to take care of them.

Curbstones in America are used to designate the dividing line between street and sidewalk, not as a convenient place to change your socks.

For about eight hours a day, Americans use the word "pajamas" when referring to underclothes.

The only significance of 5:45 a.m. or 9:30 p.m. in America is that it is 5:45 a.m. or 9:30 p.m.

If the French head waiter does not understand your rendition of his language, you can get away with it by employing any of the following remarks: "Oh, he speaks the tongue of the paws has; I learned only Parisian French." "He's had all his life to study his language, and you see I know more than he does already." "I bet his name is Cassidy, anyway."

Subway entrances and exits may be utilized as hiding places for former buglers and mess sergeants.

Lining up on every possible occasion may lengthen the procession in certain quarters, but you can get away with it by saying, "I am considered poor form in America to roll and strap the bedclothes to your back after spending the night at a friend's house."

If you have adopted a war orphan, explain the facts carefully before referring to "my little boy in France."

Although it might have been good taste at St. Mihiel and Verdun billets, American hostesses discourage the habit of building wood fires in the middle of their drawing room floors.

The principal industries of the United States are: Prohibition, knocking prohibition, manufacturing German helmets as souvenirs, telling lies about war experiences, selling battlefield postcards photographed on the spot where South Main Street in Des Moines, Iowa, was being torn up, writing to editors of newspapers and explaining why you were busted.

American drug stores contain directories which will enable you to locate the address of the man who sent you the booklet on "See America First," which arrived as you were sewing on your third service stripe.

That flapping sensation around your ankles will not necessarily mean that your spirals are coming down.

If you're a married man, go through your pockets carefully before showing up at home.

And, for the love of Mike, watch your step when you talk.

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Third Army Horse Schools

Keep Sam Brownes Flapping

The buck watched with open mouth, ill-concealed satisfaction, and no little amazement. He saw officers currying horses, officers oiling harness, officers sweeping out the stables, officers feeding the animals—in fact, he saw officers doing everything that usually falls to the lot of himself and his enlisted comrades.

He rubbed his eyes, and looked again. It was true.

The buck, indeed, was merely watching the regular daily routine of the Third Army School for the Care of Draft Animals, Coblenz, Germany. It is a school for officers. In the hurry and bustle of training many of them had had little or no chance to become thoroughly versed in the upkeep of the well-known steed. They are absorbing the principles now.

The school was opened December 30 under the supervision of Lieut. Col. J. T. Kennedy, with 75 officers gathered from the mounted outfits in the Army of Occupation, as first pupils. The course lasts ten days.

Lecture Courses, Too

The students watch the enlisted men, and then, under guidance of officer instructors, do the work themselves. Lecture courses, including the study of the anatomy of the horse and treatment for injuries and diseases of draft animals, supplement the actual practice. They are taught proper feeding, stable management, loading and lashing of wagons, driving and many other essentials. Special attention is being paid to the treatment of mares, found very prevalent among horses in France.

There are regular guard mounts, at which an officer becomes temporarily an "acting non-com" and regular stable guards and police. The officers during the course are under discipline not unlike that of the officers' training camps in America.

Not far from this school, which is at Coblenz-Lutzel, is the Third Army Equitation School for Officers, operating since January 1, when the regular mounts there are 33 of the finest riding horses in the A.E.F., carefully picked and cared for, the private mounts of staff officers with the Third Army. They are under the supervision of the 303rd Remount Squadron.

The system of equitation taught is similar to that of the Mounted Service School at Fort Riley, Kan.

A soldier who had given his address as the 4th Regiment, R.T.C., A.P.O. 702, received this outburst from his friend in America:

"I don't know what the devil the R.T.C. and the A.P.O. mean, but I hope you still belong to the B.F.O.E."

LUSITANIA WAIF, 15, CALMLY JOINS A.E.F.

Young Master Skinner Annexes Himself to Yanks by His Leave

NOW READY TO GO HOME

Reports in at Chateau-Thierry—and Still Wears Q.M. Sergeants' Regalia

Waiting patiently at one of the embarkation ports is Harry Skinner, 15 years old, juvenile soldier of fortune and a "real American citizen," who is attached for pay, rations and quarters to Company G, 102nd Infantry, 26th Division.

Skinner didn't say much about his past life, and little was learned of his real identity until last week at Brest, when he had to persuade an unsympathetic officer that he really was a "true gold-striper," a member of the 26th Division, and entitled to sail for the States. After he confided many things about himself to this officer, his story leaked out.

Why he designated Company G as his parent company he didn't say, for it seems he appeared at the position of this company when the activities in the Chateau-Thierry sector were greatest. No G.H.Q. order assigned him there as a replacement, although the company was constantly getting new soldiers, and no depot divisional headquarters sent him to fill up a gap. He said, "Here I am, Yanks," and the top, who wasn't unlike other top sergeants, scratched his head and said, "Report to the skipper."

Which Skinner did. And the skipper, although always hot after A.W.O.L.s, took Harry under the wings and into the dugouts of the company.

Sports Leather Leggings

Now he's sporting a blouse with a Quartermaster sergeant's insignia for King and a pair of leather leggings that would make even a Cavalry major envious. But what he wears doesn't matter, for he is on his way back to an American port, and from here he plans to go to Concord, Mass., where, he says, some friends live.

Skinner was born in Springfield, Ohio. With his parents he was sailing for England aboard the Lusitania at the time it was sunk. Both his father and mother were drowned. "Life was rescued and sent to Quenstown and from there designated for a parochial school in England."

"But no school for me," he commented. "I beat it to a British camp and attached myself as a camp follower. Then I came to France, got in a couple of scraps, and was captured by the Germans."

All this, he explained with the nonchalant of a seasoned globe-trotter, happened in the fall of 1915, and in June of last year he escaped through Switzerland and, after rambling through France for more than three weeks, finally attached himself to Company G, 102nd Infantry.

Skinner has been with the company in all its major operations. Then from the rest area, to which it was sent after the armistice, through the delousing processes—but, strange as it may seem, and contrary to all rules, the youth has retained his clothes. He still sports the Q.M. sergeant's blouse, unaltered and unpressed, that he wore when he became officially adopted by the company.

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PROMOTIONS AGAIN BEING MADE BY G.H.Q.

War Department Cable Restricts Move to Filling Vacancies

Acting under instructions from the Secretary of War, G.H.Q. is again making promotions of officers, up to and including the rank of colonel. New promotions, however, are entirely conditioned upon the existence of vacancies under the authorized tables of organizations in the various branches, and hence it is not expected that all officers who were recommended for promotion before November 11 will receive higher rank.

In a memorandum forming the basis of the cable instructions modifying the original order that prohibited promotions after November 11, Secretary of War Baker said:

"Promotion cannot be made merely as a reward for past service, however meritorious. General Pershing is authorized to make such promotions among officers of the line as will give the officers who in his judgment deserve it, rank equal to the command exercised by them. General Pershing will make those promotions, which are appropriate in an organized Army, to fill vacancies existing or arising. The authority here granted will authorize General Pershing to fill vacancies in organizations by promotion, rather than by transfer, where, in his judgment, that course is wise."

18 SIZES OF LONGBOYS

Supply sergeants won't have to work so hard handing out the new long trousers being issued instead of O.D. breeches. There are only 18 regular sizes of the long trousers, which the breeches have no less than 32 numbers, according to waist and insteem measurements.

A schedule of proportions in which trousers are packed for shipment to depots shows that 164 men in every 1,000 take 32-inch waist sizes and 32-inch insteem, this size being most in demand. The 33-inch waist sizes are next in demand.

The big sizes run in this proportion for every 1,000 pairs: 38-inch waist, 30; 40-inch waist, 23; 42-inch waist, 17.

Rookie Air Mechanic (describing flight): And then, to make matters worse, we ran into a bunch of shooting stars and all the cussed tires had blow-outs at once.

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